1201

Harlequin Incendiary:

OR,

COLOMBINE CAMERON.

A

MUSICAL PANTOMIME.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane.*

The MUSICK compos'd by Mr. *ARNE.*

LONDON,

Printed: And Sold by M. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-Noſter-Row.* 1746.

[Price Six-pence.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Pope,	Mr. *Bibby.*
Devil,	Mr. *Lowe.*
Pretender,	Mr. *Blakes.*
Harlequin,	Mr. *Yates.*
Juſtice,	Mr. *L. Sparks.*
Beau,	Mr. *Liviez.*
Miſer,	Mr. *Collins.*
Highlander,	Mr. *Winſtone.*
Scotch Servant,	Mr. *Farrington.*
Thirſis,	Mr. *Lowe.*
Britannia,	Mrs. *Bennet.*
Victory,	Miſs *Young.*
Fame,	Mrs. *Arne.*
Colombine Cameron,	Mrs. *Clive.*
Amoret,	Miſs *Edwards.*
Colombine's Maid,	Miſs *Royer.*

Conſtables, Mob, Servants, *&c.*

SCENE, *Part in* Rome, *part in* Scotland.

BRITISH MUSEUM

HARLE-

HARLEQUIN INCENDIARY:

OR,

COLOMBINE CAMERON.

SCENE I. *The Council-Chamber in* Rome.

Pope, Cardinals, Prieſts, *&c.* in Council.

POPE. RECIT.

THIS Day we appear on a mighty Deſign,
And to make it ſucceed, all Hell muſt combine;
Old *England*, once more, we have hope to ſubdue,
If our Friends are but firm, and the Devil prove true:
Upon him we rely in each Criſis of State,
And have ſummon'd him here to attend our Debate.

AIR.

AIR.

For with us, you may ſee,
All his Hopes ſtill agree,
That no Heretick longer in Britain *ſhou'd be;*
Since while they make Pretence
To be rul'd by good Senſe,
He's robb'd of their Souls, and we chous'd of their Pence.

[Slow Muſick.]

The Devil *riſes* —— Pope *ſpeaks.*

RECIT.

Welcome, great Monarch, from the Shades below,
Thus may our mutual Friendſhip ever grow,
In ſign whereof — the Pope preſents his Toe.
[*The Devil kiſſes his Toe, and ſings.*

AIR.

Yes, I will to the End
Be old Rome's *ſteady Friend,*
To her Crafts and her Miſchiefs moſt civil;
For there's none can deny
With ſuch Friends to comply,
Who wou'd ſend all the World to the Devil.

And tho' I'm debarr'd
From deſerting my Guard,
Leſt the Scots *ſhou'd raiſe Riots in Hell;*
I will call up an Elf,
And Inſtruct him myſelf,
Whoſe Tricks ſhall deceive him as well.

[Incantation.]

Ariſe, thou Prince of Miſchief, riſe,
Put off thy Fear-awaking Mien;
And, to delude all mortal Eyes,
Aſſume the Form of *Harlequin.*

To *Scotland*'s frozen Mountains haſte,
All cover'd with eternal Snow,
And in that dreary barren Waſte
Bid Faction and Rebellion grow.

AIR.

With Harlequin's *Charms*
Court the Fair to thy Arms,
They are ever to Folly inclin'd;
Since firſt they were made,
It has ſtill been their Trade,
To help us in cheating Mankind.

POPE.

POPE. RECIT.

Now haſte to *England*, [*to the Pretender*] ſpread
contagious Evil.
Do you retire, [*to the Cardinal*] while I conſult
the Devil. [*Ex. different ways.*

* SCENE II. *A Palace in* England.

Britannia, *with the Arts and Sciences.*

BRITANNIA.

From you, my Sons, I aſk Applauſe; in me
Your lov'd *Britannia*, your fond Parent ſee,
Who pleas'd ſurveys her Iſle with Learning
fraught,
And ev'ry Science to Perfection brought.
Here have I ſeen each tuneful Muſe reſide,
And felt in *Pope* ſeven *Grecian* Cities Pride.
Nature with *Kneller* held a pleaſing Strife,
Whoſe Paintings ſeem'd juſt ſtarting into Life.
Purcell explain'd what Muſick's Pow'r cou'd do,
His Heart was *Britiſh*, and his Numbers too.
Wren's Fame and Buildings emulate the Skies,
Who bad *this lofty Dome* in fair Proportion riſe.
Great *Newton* to Effects aſſign'd the Cauſe,
And fix'd unerring Aſtronomic Laws.

On

* This Scene is left out on account of the Length of the Entertainment.

On *Talbot*'s Rhet'rick pleas'd Attention hung,
While Truth flow'd ſweetly from his ſilver Tongue.
To Hiſtory the Taſk does yet remain,
The Glories to record of *George*'s Reign:
Thrice bleſs'd ye are if your own Joys ye know,
And guard the ſacred Laws from which they flow.

The Genius *of* England *riſes.*

GENIUS.

Britannia, Nurſe of Heroes, Queen of Iſles,
On whom indulgent Heav'n propitious ſmiles,
In me behold your Guardian Genius riſe,
By me forewarn'd, be circumſpect and wiſe,
For jealous Nations, with determin'd Hate,
In helliſh League combin'd, now plot thy Fate;
Rebellious *Scots* with treach'rous *Rome* agree,
Aided by *Spaniſh* Pride, and *Gallic* Perfidy;
On the Deſtroyers be Deſtruction hurl'd,
Your Sons united may defy the World.

BRITANNIA.

Ye Friends to Freedom, ſwiftly take Alarm,
And bravely for your glorious Monarch arm;
To lead you on, behold a *Royal Youth*
Burns to employ you in the Cauſe of Truth;

His virtuous Labour Victory ſecures,
Danger and Glory his, Protection yours.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The North of* Scotland.

Harlequin appears ſurpris'd at ſeeing ſo barren a Place. He takes a Letter out of his Pocket directed to *Jenny Cameron*; he goes out in order to find her Houſe.

SCENE, *Edinburgh.*

Colombine and her Maid enter, as having been walking, *Harlequin* watching 'em. They knock at the Door and enter. *Harlequin* expreſſes great Fondneſs for her, and ſtands conſidering how to get to her. A *Scotch* Servant enters with a Letter for *Colombine*; he knocks at the Door, the Maid enters, and while ſhe talks with the Servant *Harlequin* ſlips in. The Maid takes in the Clown in order to deliver his Meſſage to her Miſtreſs.

SCENE, Colombine's *Chamber.*

Colombine *diſcover'd dreſſing her Head in the Glaſs.*

AIR.

[*Colombine* addreſſes the Glaſs.]

O pleaſing Mirror! Woman's Pride,
Who taught to ſmile or frown with Art,
The Friend in whom we moſt confide,
By whom we catch the Lover's Heart:

In thee each Help we ſee to place,
That may give Force to Beauty's Arms;
The Young thro' thee enjoys each Grace,
The old Repair their faded Charms.

The Maid introduces the Servant, who delivers the Letter to *Colombine*; ſhe reads it, and gives it him again, telling him his Maſter muſt never hope for any Favours from her without Money; the Clown refuſes to take the Letter, which ſo provokes *Colombine* that ſhe orders him to be turn'd out of Doors. *Colombine* returns to the Glaſs to recompoſe her Features, ruffled by the Servant's Inſolence; while ſhe ſurveys herſelf, the Glaſs, &c. vaniſhes, and *Harlequin* appears in their Place (a Caution not

improper for fine Ladies, for ſhou'd they admire their own Beauties too much, 'tis not impoſſible, but, according to the old Saying

They may ſee the Devil in the Glaſs)

Colombine ſhrieks, and is for ſome time afraid of *Harlequin*. This is ſhort, leſt we ſhou'd run out of Nature by making a *Colombine* not ſoon familiar with a *Harlequin*. They coquet together, and ſhe ſings.

AIR.

Tho' Gold, of my Heart
Has had the beſt Part,
A kind Corner to Love is aſſign'd;
In ſpite of my Guile,
I cannot but ſmile
On a Lover ſo free and ſo kind.

Then let us, by Plots,
Cheat all the dull Sots,
Who wou'd bribe Inclination with Gold;
Our Joys, in full Pride,
Shall ſtill be ſupply'd
By the Follies of Young and of Old.

A Knocking heard at the Door; the Maid enters and informs her Miſtreſs a fine Gentleman, a Beau, is very preſſing to ſee her; ſhe wou'd avoid him, but *Harlequin* inſiſts upon his being brought in, while he hides behind the Arras; this being agreed, Monſieur is conducted in, addreſſes *Colombine* in the moſt Cavalier manner, but not coming to the Point ſhe wants, Money, ſhe ſings as follows.

AIR.

You're a Lover compleat,
Bien jantee and neat,
I needs muſt confeſs;
Can a Heart be ſecure
When ſuch Charms do allure
As Words can't expreſs!

Tho' by ſo ſweet a Look
Many Ladies are took,
In me you will find,
That bright Gold (of known Uſe)
You muſt ſtraight-way produce,
Ere I can be kind.

The Beau immediately takes out his Purſe and preſents her with it; ſhe returns the Favour

vour by inviting him into her Bed-Chamber, where he has no ſooner enter'd than *Harlequin* advances, and changes the whole Bed-Chamber into a Farm Yard and Hogſtye, and the Beau into a Peaſant feeding 'em; the firſt Feat of *Harlequin*'s that ever had any Moral to it.

SCENE *changes to a Garden.*

Harlequin calls in ſeveral Countrymen and Maids to join with him and *Colombine* in a Dance.

SCENE, *A Scotch Laird's Chamber.*

The Laird appears impatient for the Return of his Servant whom he ſent with a Letter to his Miſtreſs; the Servant enters and returns his Letter, telling him the Reception he met with from *Colombine*, for coming without Money; the Laird is greatly ſhock'd, declaring that is a Commodity he is not furniſh'd with; after ſome Conſideration, he reſolves to ſend her a Preſent of China; accordingly he orders his Man to pack it up carefully, and deliver it to his Miſtreſs; they go out ſeverally.

SCENE,

SCENE, *A Room in* Colombine's *Houſe.*

The Maid informs *Colombine* a grave Juſtice of the Peace wou'd ſpeak with her; ſhe ſeems amaz'd, and orders him to be admitted; he and a Conſtable enter. He is highly delighted with her Beauty, and ſhews her ſeveral Warrants which had been taken out againſt her, but would not ſuffer them to be executed 'till he had ſeen her; ſhe returns him many Thanks, and he ſends away the Conſtable; he grows fond of her; ſhe deſires him to ſit down upon a Settee, where *Harlequin* picks a Quarrel with him and drives him off.

Colombine's Maid introduces the Servant with his Baſket; ſhe orders her Maid to open the Baſket, where, inſtead of the China ſhe expected, finds nothing but a Diſtaff and ſome Flax; *Colombine* appears greatly enraged at the Affront, and ſings.

AIR.

AIR.

O what diſmal Faſhion
Can make in this Nation
The forſaken vile Diſtaff, a Toy for the Fair!
Such Houſewife's old Tools,
Fit for Family Fools,
What modern fine Lady of Pleaſure can bear?

A Play, or Romance,
A Drum, or a Dance,
Is all the Fatigue our nice Frames can ſupport;
Delights and Expence
Engage all the Senſe
Of Dames of the City and Belles of the Court.

Colombine orders the Servant to be turn'd out of the Houſe; *Harlequin* ſeeing *Colombine* ſo diſappointed, in order to compoſe her, orders her to look into the Baſket, where ſhe finds the China that was firſt ſent; they take it out, and order the Maid to follow the Servant and give him the Baſket, Diſtaff, &c. while *Harlequin* and *Colombine* retire.

SCENE

SCENE, *The Street*

The Servant comes out of the Houſe very much amaz'd and frighten'd at what has happen'd; the Maid follows, and gives him the Baſket with an inſolent Air, which he takes, reſolving to tell his Maſter the whole Truth; as he goes off, an old Miſer croſſes the Stage to *Colombine*'s Houſe, and the Maid lets him in.

SCENE, *A Room in* Colombine's *Houſe.*

Colombine and *Harlequin* ſeated, toying, on a Couch; the Maid informs her of the Miſer's Viſit; *Harlequin* conceals himſelf, and the Miſer enters; he appears very fond of *Colombine*, but ſhe rejects all his Careſſes, and ſings.

AIR.

Beauty with Age can ne'er agree,
Unleſs the reconciling Fee
Be Love's perſuaſive Theme;
Tho' Pride awhile the Balance hold,
Fill but the other Scale with Gold,
And Virtue kicks the Beam.

When Phœbus, *am'rous Boy,*
Found Daphne *to his Flame was coy,*
Nor wou'd to Love ſubmit,
He ſhou'd have try'd another Snare,
And have purſu'd the flying Fair
With Gold inſtead of Wit.

With much Reluctance the Miſer gives *Colombine* a Purſe; while ſhe diſſembles a Fondneſs for him, *Harlequin* enters, and plays ſeveral Tricks with him; the Miſer at length ſits down upon the Couch, which immediately changes into a Cradle, *Harlequin* into a Nurſe, who feeds the Miſer with Pap in his ſecond Childhood.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Harlequin and *Colombine* drive out the Miſer in his Swathing-Clothes.

SCENE, *Another Street, with a Bagnio and Bookſeller's Stall in view.*

Harlequin and *Colombine* enter Arm in Arm; the *Scotch* Laird and his Servant meet them; upon the Laird's upbraiding *Colombine* for treating his Servant ſo ill when he carry'd her the Preſent, a Quarrel enſues between *Harlequin* and

and the Laird; *Colombine* interpoſes, and they go into the Bagnio to drink a reconciling Glaſs; at the Door *Colombine* gives him the Slip, and returns to *Harlequin*, who immediately ſet the Bagnio on fire, and changes the Bookſeller's Stall into an Engine, and plays upon the Houſe; when the Fire is extinguiſh'd, *Harlequin* changes himſelf into a Quack Doctor, and the Engine into a Horſe and Chaiſe, and drives off.

SCENE, *A Country*.

The Pretender and his Party meet *Colombine*, who, with all the Affection of *Jenny Cameron*, embraces and receives him; after many Compliments, ſhe invites him and his Friends to her Houſe; they go out together.

SCENE, *A Room in* Colombine's *Houſe*.

Colombine receiving her new Gueſts, a Noiſe is heard at the Door; the Maid informs her, the Magiſtrate, with Officers and others, are coming in to apprehend her; ſhe's in ſome Confuſion, and deſires the Pretender and his Friends to retire; they do. The Juſtice, Beau, Miſer, Laird, *&c.* enter, and accuſe her of the Injuries ſhe has done them; they go to ſeize her by Force, and *Harlequin* charms all their Swords out of their Hands; while they ſtand amaz'd, the Pretender, *&c.* enters, and

Harlequin promiſes to reſtore all they have loſt, provided they'll join the Pretender's Cauſe. A Standard riſes, with three Crowns and a Coffin, which they all liſt under. *Colombine* ſings.

AIR.

Your Purſes and Preſents I ſlight,
For Honour o'er Int'reſt does reign;
In Valour I only delight,
'Tis that my Affections muſt gain.

A Youth here is come from afar,
His Fortune in Battle to prove,
And he who is braveſt in War
Shall meet his Reward in my Love.

[The Bag-pipe March is heard, they all go off.

SCENE, *A Wood.*

Enter Amoret *and* Thirſis.

AMORET.

Ah! gentle *Thirſis*, dear deceitful Youth,
Canſt thou ſo ſoon reſolve to break thy Truth?
Say, why doſt thou aſſume this martial Dreſs,
And raſhly leave thy faithful Shepherdeſs?
But go, if poſſible, for ever go,
While thus in plaintive Sounds I vent my Woe.

AIR.

AIR.

As once the beauteous Helen's *Cries*
Brought the fair Venus *from the Skies*
To ſet from Danger Paris *free,*
So make my Lover now thy Care,
Snatch him from the God of War,
And bring him back to Love and me.

THIRSIS.

False Fears, my *Am'ret*, fill thy love-ſick Mind,
Think not that *Thirſis* e'er will faithleſs prove.
While brave *Germanicus*, great *Cæſar*'s Son,
Foremoſt in Danger leads our Armies on,
Let my firm Soul her honeſt Ardour prove,
And guard thy Beauties to deſerve thy Love.
Our ſportive Hunters now the Chaſe give o'er,
And for a nobler Purpoſe take the Field,
To drive Invaders from our injur'd Shore,
And make Rebellion to their Valour yield:
In all her Sons *Britannia* joys to ſee
Hearts loyal, Bodies active, Spirits free.

AIR.

The timorous Hare
They no longer purſue,
But boldly prepare
Greater Foes to ſubdue.

The

The deep-mouth'd Hound and echoing Horn
No more awake them in the Morn;
No more the jolly Hunter's Cries,
With pleasing Note salute the Skies.

AMORET.

Go then, thou much-lov'd ever faithful Youth,
Thy Country owns thy Worth, and I thy Truth.
Go and employ thy Sword, whilst I with Pray'r
Beg the kind Pow'rs thy dearer Life to spare,
And make thy Virtue and thy Cause their Care.

DUET.

Thir. *Hark, hark, my dear Charmer, I'm summon'd away;*
Amo. *Since Glory now calls you, my Love shall obey.*
Ah, quickly return.
Thir. *I'll quickly return.*
Amo. *Nor leave me to mourn.*
Thir. *Nor leave thee to mourn,*
Amo. *When Loyalty's nigh,*
Thir. *Rebellion will die.*
Both. *Or behind frozen Mountains for Refuge will fly.*
Thir. *Hark, hark, my dear,* &c. [Repeated.]

SCENE, *Another Wood.*

A Noise of a Battle. Several English *Soldiers plundering a Waggon belonging to* Glenbucket's *Regiment.*

SCENE

SCENE, *An* Engliſh *Palace.*

A Party of Scotch, *headed by the Pretender, ruſh in, Sword in Hand; the Palace immediately changes into a Priſon, where* Harlequin *leaves them, and ſinks.*

The SCENE *draws to a beautiful Garden.*

Britannia, Fame, Victory, *&c.*

RECIT.

Thus to the Guardian of *Britannia*'s Iſle,
On whom indulgent Gods and Fortune ſmile,
Whom a glad Nation's Voice conſpire to praiſe,
The vocal Muſe her humble Tribute pays.

AIR.

To William's *Name*
The Trump of Fame
Her ſprightly Sounds ſhall raiſe,
Whilſt all around
The Hills reſound,
And Echo tells his Praiſe.

RECIT.

Earth's great Deliv'rer, the Delight of Heav'n,
To bleeding Realms for ſure Protection giv'n,
Him

Him whom a World beholds with longing Eyes,
Fair *Victory* decrees the Laurel Prize.

CHORUS.

With George *our Defender we ever will join,*
For the Voice of the People's the true Right divine;
Thro' Dangers to Safety brave William *ſhall guide,*
And our Hearts, Swords, and Fortunes be ſtill on his Side.

FINIS.